

Good afternoon,

I am an adoptee born in 1970. My piece of paper states that I was a baby girl born on July 23, 1970 to Heather and Raymond. This is the paper that I have. It is not the truth.

I have been following with hopeful eagerness of the passage of this bill. The funny thing is, all I have heard is that this piece of paper holds all the answers. It will give out family information which will unlock secrets. This piece of paper will shatter families who have no idea of these babies who were given up for adoption. This piece of paper is quite powerful. But that is not the truth.

I am here to tell you my story. Fifteen years ago, I was contacted by a man who told me I might be his daughter. He knew things of the birth, things I confirmed; and he offered to send me a DNA test. The reason for his contact; there was a medical history in the family of a heart defect. He knew he had a child out there and felt it was morally right to try to find his child. The DNA tests came back as not a match, lucky for him, he had been given two names by the private investigator he had hired. Yes, a private investigator. So, I took a few days to process this information, and then realized what if there is a medical history I need to know of; and then I contacted a private investigator. Yes, 15 years ago, I hired an investigator who gave me the name of my birth mother. Much to her surprise I called her, spoke with her, twice, and never again beyond that. She claimed she didn't want her current family to know of me. She did give me a verbal birth father name, she wouldn't tell me the spelling or any other details, but did say he didn't know. For several years, I did google searches but never could locate the man she mentioned. Five years ago, I was again contacted, this time via Facebook messenger, by my birth mothers daughter. She knew of me, picked up details over the years, and did her own search and located me. We have maintained a relationship over the past 5 years. Then this past year comes along, 2020, for sure the bill would be passed and I would have proof of the names on my birth certificate; and BAM pandemic, and everything is closed. How disheartening, how close we came. But wait, its not over. I turned to DNA. I sent my samples to 23 and me and Ancestry DNA. Three weeks later, we have confirmation of the birth fathers last name. I have spent the past 10 months, combing through names. Some relatives are very receptive. Some have said, "always knew she had a secret pregnancy" and others have said "we will pass the information along to his family". I have learned that my birth father has passed away.

The truth is that this piece of paper that so many are fighting to keep away from adoptees is just that, a piece of paper. Yes, there is no doubt that it is important to us. It's where we began, the beginning of our personal story. But it is just that, a piece of paper. If someone wants to put the work in they will find out the answers they need, and the names will come along with it. Technology has surpassed this piece of paper. It no longer will keep the secrets hidden from fifty plus years ago. I had my answers in 3 weeks from spitting in a cup. I just wish I had done it sooner. If you continue to hold back on passing this legislation, there will be many others who will turn to technology.

I want my piece of paper. I deserve my piece of paper. My children deserve their moms piece of paper.

It is not my secret, its part of my story.

Please support the passage of HB 6105 and allow all adoptees their access to their original birth certificate. We all deserve our piece of paper, our story.

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